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From the American Magazine.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is the foundation of the faith of the Christian world. The theological doctrines received by Christians, and the hopes they cherish of a future life, are drawn from this source. And it is matter of surprise with many, that there should be such various systems and creeds among them. This fact is even made an objection to revelation by skeptical and superficial writers. While we admit, that it is somewhat surprising the difference should be so great, as they are between some sects of professing Christians, we cannot allow, that it furnishes a just, or at least, a strong objection, to our holy religion. A little reflection, indeed, will satisfy us, that differences of opinion would arise, where men are left free to examine, and interpret, and to judge for themselves. There are several considerations which contribute to these various and differing creeds. Men are of different capacities, and are differently educated. They have different degrees of information, and their views on other subjects will have an influence on the opinions which they imbibe respecting religion. The young will put a somewhat different construction on passages of scripture from the aged; and the illiterate from the learned philosopher. The books composing the Bible were written by different men, and at distant ages of the world, when the style of writing, the state of knowledge, customs and manners were different. There is much that is figurative and much that is historical; there is much that is local, and much that is general and universal. It would then, be matter of surprise if there were not different interpretations and views, rather than that there were but one. It would be unnatural, if it were not so. And yet it must be conceded that the difference are greater than might at first have been supposed. But it may be proper to observe, that this difference was not so great among the Christians of the first and second centuries, as afterwards.

When inspiration ceased in the Church, which was at the death of the apostles of Christ and their contemporaries, a diversity of opinion prevailed. There were no oracles to decide except the written documents of the first teachers. These would be sufficient, if men appealed to them, and consulted them without prejudices. But that would be to expect more than we have a right to expect from human nature. Men listened to their imaginations & formed theories of their own, and then went to the Bible for a confirmation of them. They seldom read the sacred volume to search for truth, or to attain its true meaning, with a resolution to follow and obey. Had they done so, there would be far less of difference of opinions than there now are among Christians.

But while there are differences among the various sects of Christians, on minor points of faith, or the ceremonies of religion, it is a fact that most of them substantially agree on all important subjects. If there are some sects, which substitute forms and rites for vital piety and personal religion, and some which deny all future retribution, it must be acknowledged, "that they teach for doctrines the commandments of men, or 'preach another gospel' entirely." But most sects agree in the fundamental and essential doctrines of Christianity; while they profess in Christ, as their divine "master and Lord," they believe in the moral government and Providence of God, that repentance and holiness are necessary; and that there is a judgment to come, when all will be treated according to their conduct and character in this life. Differences on many subjects are to be expected; nor are they very important. They are not the silver and gold of the building, but the lay and stubble; and the latter may be burnt up, while the former shall abide.

To the law and the testimony, then, let us apply; and the study will do us no injury. We shall find a fitness, and a power, which will influence and convince the heart, and overcome all the subtle objections of ingenious skeptics. We shall then be not only almost, but altogether Christians. And charity for others will be the prominent sentiment of our minds.

From the Pennsylvaniaian.
The Treasury Report.

Messrs. Editors, I have just done reading the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury, which you justly speak of in your paper as a interesting and gratifying document. It is indeed, both. It presents a most able account of our public affairs in that department, evincing sagacity, comprehensiveness, research, independent thought and admirable method.—

Regarding the last characteristic, it may be said that the arrangement is in a great measure new, and very happy.—It was also sent to Congress the first day of the session, which, I think, has never been the case before since the govern-

ment began, or never but once its multifarious contents show labor united to genius, and a high sense of what belongs to duty in a minister of state. The topics are handled and discriminated in ways that bespeak full acquaintance with the principles and details of the several heads, and in a tone of feeling elevated and patriotic, whilst, after all, one of its merits is, to be awake, in the proper parts to the intrinsic uncertainty of treasury estimates that purport to look much ahead in this great, young nation, bursting with perpetual increase, and liable to changes. To draw public attention to its numerous facts, suggestions, arguments and inducements, as they relate to our primary sources of wealth—exports, imports, internal industry and production of every kind, public lands, money, and all else that concerns the department of revenue and finance to tell us of, historically as past, actually existing, or probably to come—

might lay under requisition columns of your journal. I go not into that task, simply recomending the report as a study to all who desire to see the abundant evidences and sources of our national prosperity, now and for the future, set forth in statements that are uncontested, or inferred from rational grounds of anticipation.

But there are one or two things so remarkable in their bearing upon our foreign commerce and most important foreign relations, that I select them for more extensive circulation, detached from the rich mass of materials applicable to our home concerns with which the document abounds.

1. It appears from it that full fifteen-sixteenths of all the raw cotton used by England for her manufactures from that article, are supplied by the United States. This proportion is amazing. It will probably be new to most of the public.

2. That the commodities manufactured in England from this article amount in value at present, to the vast sum of one hundred and eighty millions of dollars annually; the basis of which all goes, of course, from this country, the insignificant fraction of one-sixteenth excepted.

3. That the raw cotton she gets from us, after supplying the whole of her own large necessities of home consumption in the fabrics wrought from it, furnishes the material of more than half in value of her great annual exports to all quarters of the globe.

4. That we supply France with seven-tenths of all the raw cotton she works up into manufactures, and that the latter now amount in value to the sum of eighty millions of dollars annually. Of course, also, the basis of this goes to her from the United States, with the deduction of three tenths.

Here are memorable, not to say astonishing facts. They are for the statesman and diplomatist as well as financier. They deserve to be known every where. They form the best guarantee for prolonged harmony between Great Britain and ourselves, and ought to awaken France to a sense of the justice she owes us.

From the Nova Scotian.

Do you see that a flock of colts, said he, as we passed one of those beautiful prairies that render the valleys of Nova Scotia so verdant and so fertile, well I guess they keep to much of that are stock. I heard an Indian one day ax a tavern keeper for some rum, why Joe Spawpeck, said he, I reckon you have got to much already. Too much of any thing, said Joe, is not good, but too much rum is just enough. I guess these blue noses think so about their horses—they are fairly eat up by them, out of house and home, and they are no good neither. They aint good saddle horses, and they aint good draft horses—they are just neither one thing nor another. They are like the drink of our Connecticut folks at mowing time—they use molasses and water—nasty stuff, only sit to catch flies—spiles good water and makes bad beer. No wonder the folks are poor. Look at them are great dykes—well they all go to feed horses; and look at their grain fields on the upland—well, they are all sowed with oats to feed horses, and they buy their bread from us so we feed the asses and they feed the horses. If I had them critters on that are mash on a location of mine I'd just take my rifle and shoot every one on em—the nasty yo-necked, cat-hammered, heavy-headed, flat-eared, crooked-shanked, long-legged, narrow-chested, good-for-nothing brutes. They aint worth their keeping one winter. I vow, I wish one of these blue noses, with his go-to-meeting clothes on—coat tails pinned up behind, like a leather blind of a shay, an old spur on one heel, and a pipe stuck through his hat-band, mounted on one of these timbered critters, that moves his hind legs, like a hen scratching gravel—was set down in Broadway, in New York, for a sight. Lord I think I hear the West-Point critters laugh at him. Who brought that scare-crow out of standin corn and stock him here? I guess that are citizen came from away down east out of the Notch of the White Mountains.

Here comes the cholera doctor, from Canada—not from Canada, I guess, for he don't look as if he had ever been among the rapids. This was a sight to charm the Rawson girls, if they wouldnt poke fun at him its a pity—if they keep less horses and more sheep, they'd

have food and clothing too instead of buying there was no taking them off. They forgot the both. I vow I've larfed afore now till I have horse that carried them; and old Bonaparte, fairly wet myself a crying to see one of these as Simon's old black was named, was allowed 2 or 3 miles of an arrand. Well, down he goes on the dyke with a bridle in one hand, and the girls kept stretching and twisting their necks, old tin pan in another, full of oats, to catch his more and more at every step.

First he goes to one flock of horses and then to another, to see if he can find his own critter.

At last he gets sight on him, and goes softly up to him, shaking his oats, and a coaxin him,

and jus as he goes to put his hand on him, away he starts, all head and tail, and the rest with him—that starts another flock, and they set a

third off—and at last every troop of em goes,

as if Old Nick was arter them, till they amount to two or three hundred in a drove. Well, he

chases clear across the Tantemer marsh, seven miles good, over ditches, creeks, hire holes and frog ponds, and they turn and take a fair chase for it back again seven miles more.

By this time, I presume, they are all pretty considerably well tired, and Blue Nose, he goes and gets up all the men folks in the neighborhood,

and catches his beast as they do a moose, arter he is fairly run down: so he runs fourteen miles to ride, two, because he is in a tarnation hurry. Its easenest equal to eatin soup with a fork, when you are short of time. It puts me in mind of catchin birds by sprinklin salt on their tails—it is only one horse a man can ride out of half a dozen arter all.—One has no shooes, tother has a colt, one arm broke, another has a sore back, while fifth is so eternal cummin all Cumberland couldnt catch him till winter drives him up to the barn for food.

Most of them are dyke marshes and have what they call "honey pots" in em, that is a deep hole, all full of squash, where you cant find no bottom. Well, every now and then, when a fellor goes to look for his horse, he finds his tail stickin right out in send from one of these honey pots, and wavin like a head of broom corn: and sometimes you see two or three trapped there, eenamost smothered, everlasting half swimmint, half wadin, like rats in a molasses cask. When they find them in a

pickel, they go and get ropes, and tie em tight round their necks, and half hang em to make em float, and then haul em out. Awful lookin critters they be, you may depend when they do come out for all the world like half-drowned kittens—ali slinky, slimy, with their great long tails glued up like a swab of oakum dipped in tar. If they don't look foolish it's a pity! Well, they have to nurse their critters all winter with hot mashes, warm covering, & what not, and when spring comes they mostly die, and if they don't they're never no good arter. I wish, with all my heart, half the horses in the country were barreled up in these here "honey pots," and then there'd be near about one half too many left for profit. Jist look at one of these barn yards in the spring—half a dozen half starved colts, with their hair lookin a thousand ways for Sunday, and their coats hangin in tatters, and half a dozed good for nothing old horses a crowdin out the cows and sheep!

From the Nova Scotian.

HEROIC. During the late awful configuration at New York, Mr. Louis Wilkins, a midshipman, returned a few months since from the Pacific, passing along one of the streets, then a prey to the devouring element, his ears were assailed by the agonizing cries of a female, to whom he immediately rushed, and on hearing from her that her only child, an infant, was then in the upper part of the house already in flames, and would inevitably be burnt up if some one did not instantly fly to its rescue, he forced his way up stairs, notwithstanding the repeated warnings of the firemen and other spectators that he would inevitably perish in the attempt, and there found the innocent in bed, who, unconscious of its danger, was playing with its little hands, pleased no doubt, at the brilliancy of the scene, (for the room itself was on fire!) He seized it, and happily succeeded in effecting its escape, restored it to the embraces of its almost distracted mother, who, with frantic joy, threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, "My God! my God! thou hast not forsaken me!" [Enquirer.]

From the Advertiser.

Dr. Dingley to the Editor of the Newspaper in Portland.

Mr. Edwards.—

Your last makes all straight. Lord, I knew when the cat would jump. Folks intermeddling all so plaguy friendly and suspicious, and talkin of snake bogs and wolf traps. You know I told you, I was not easily scared. As you are so anxious to hear the story of the three fat Rawson girls, I will give you that, at once, and consider about engaging in your correspondence afterwards. I thought you must have heard all about it, it happened so long ago.

Well, Simon Rawson's three daughters, Peggy, Jinny and Sally—smart, jolly girls,—fat, freckled and saucy,—had been to see their grandmother, Granny Golding, on the plains, and were going home in a shay together.

It happened to be training day, and when they arrived upon the meetinghouse common, there stood our company all in battle array.

This was a sight to charm the Rawson girls, and when they got their eyes fastened upon it,

roads come together, and passing the Pound, who should they see before them but Jack Robinson? He was coming down the road, armed and equipped as the law directs, and blazing in regiments, going too late to training. His name was pricked on the roll already. The girls gave a scream, and in a moment Jack planted himself in the middle of the way, with a charge baguet and a loud "who—ow!"

At sight of this warlike figure, the old horse stood like a rabbit. He dared neither go onward nor stop; and what does he do, but setch a whirl, clear round, on the spot, and ran back again. The whirl was so short and so quick, that Jack thought it a miracle they shay was not upset and broke all to splinters, and the Rawson girls smashed into mince meat!

Don't he hollar, as if he was a driving an eight ox team? He tries dreadful hard to keep from looking this way, but I see a big onion eye rolling about, under the corner of that're great cocked up hat.

So they kept running on, till Tom Stone the drummer, thinking himself entitled to some notice, set to pounding his drum all of a sudden, as hard as he could lam on. Now the old horse was not used to music, and it put the very old skipper into him. He thought it was the meetinghouse tumbling down about his ears. He fetched an all mighty spring a one side, jerked the reins out of Jinny's hands—they fell down about his heels—and away he scampered up the road like smoke. Bony had been famous troot in his youth—a ten miler—and he now shew that he had not forgot how to poke the dirt about, a few. The girls they screamed, the old shay rattled, and all the boys and all the dogs on the common set off in chase together, howling and barking, and hooting and hollering—"Stop that horse! stop that horse!"

Johnny Beedle and I were sitting and chatting together upon the horse block. I was there to certify and excuse him from training, by reason he was troubled with the nose-bleed. Before I could say "what's that," my whip was twiched out of my hand; and the next thing I saw, Mr. Beedle was on top of my old mare, thrashin with all his might and main, to coax her into a canter; and then it was thrash and canter and canter and thrash, all the way till

they were fairly hid a cloud of dust; and when I could see nothing else, I saw the cossakin playing up and down in the air, above the cloud.

Bony had sense enough, in his flight, to know the shortest way home, and instead of taking the old country road, away round by Carter's tavern, he steered strait up the new one, by the blacksmith's shop. Ralph Staples was there, shoing a horse, and was stooping, at this moment, with his head downwards, and clenching the nails. Hearing the noise behind him, he took a peep between his legs, and could hardly believe his eyes when he see old Bony in such a gulf. He dropped his tools in an apron and salled out into the road bareheaded. He was just too late to get hold of the bridle, but time enough to show his good will; and then all he could do was, to fall in behind, and join in the cry of the boys, "Stop that horse, stop that horse!" as loud as he could bawl.

Never mind, here comes more help. It was Johnny Beedle and the mare. She was a clipper, I tell ye, for a short race. I swapt her away for old Whiteface, and a pinch-back watch and two dollars to boot. But she lacked wind, and by the time she came up by the offside of the shay, she was puffing. But soon as the girls saw Mr. Beedle, they set up such a pitiful crying as went to the bottom of his heart and put fresh grease into his elbow.

It was now he worked the cow skin in earnest. Every lick told, and left its sting upon the old mare's hide, and she reared and pitched as if a hornets nest was tied to her tail. But old Bony heard the rumpus behind him, and knew what it meant. He had heard the crack of a whip before, and the more Johnny Beedle pummeled the mare, the faster he went. If he ever handled a spittful hoof, it was now. Didn't the highway suffer? I said he trotted before, but I lied—he hadn't begun to trot. The mare pushed him hard, and all the way from Staples's barn to Jonas Hathaway's, it was neck or nothing.

But it was the luck of my old mare, if there was ever hole or a rolling stone anywhere within reach, to find it out. And Mr. Hathaway had carried the drain of his cellar rather too far into the road. He meant to have covered it up. "I by all means, but it was training day, you see," and there it was. So, in the heat of the race, when she was gaining it, inch by inch, the old mare plumped her fore feet into the drain and canted her hind quarters over her head, throwing Johnny Beedle into the gutter. And away went Bony rejoining; he cocked up his head and tail, as he went, and gave a snort as loud as a trumpet.

The poor Rawson girls clung together in a heap, frightened to death—all but. For what could they do? Jump out of the shay and break their necks? This they were ready to do, for they had lost their wits, but help appeared when they least thought of it. They soon arrived at the croat, where the old and new

hill like thunder; and when he came to the hill, he was struck with a lucky thought. It was only to take short cut across Ben Legg's meadow, and strike the new course, in the sand between Legg's and Widow Bean's. It was a thought and a jump, and he was over the fence, calling "this way boys, head him off, head him off!" All the boys, one after another, took up the cry and jumped over too.

When the girls opened their eyes at the foot of Stony hill, the meadow was swarming with tow heads, bobbing up and down among the buttercups and bachelor's buttons. It was long I gaged Zazh Taft that came first. He was in time, and had only to get over the stone wall to save the three Rawson girls. But there was the rub. The wall stood so slender and ticklish that it was dangerous for a bird to light on it, let alone Zach Taft. The moment he was crumpled under him, a perch or more, and down he came sprawling upon his belly in the mid, and swimming into the middle of the road, upon an ocean of rolling stones.

Bonapart gave a wide sheer, and escaped with the right. But he had no time to brag; it was the night. He had time to go with him, for every rod that he went, a fresh boy came bolting over the wall by his side, with a hollar "stop that horse, stop that horse!" till he came to the widow Bean's and here, to put the finishing stroke to his right, stood the widow, at her door, shaking her table-cloth in the air, and callin the chickens to eat the crumbs—"Biddy-biddy-biddy-biddy!"

By this time, Squash Corner was all in an uproar.—Women squalling, boys shouting, dogs barking from all quarters. The men were all gone to training. But every body now ran together Carter's tavern, and the soldiers grummed their arms with one accord and ran, with the rest. Old Bonapart left all behind, and passing Carter's tavern he shot down the Barberry road and was soon out of sight. This road ran down a hill, that was both high and steep, and at the bottom, you come to Muddy brook and a bridge, that always had one rotten plank in it, to say no more. As soon as it was known that the horse had gone down the Barberry road, the ery was raised.—"The Rawson girls will be split in Muddy brook!—split in Muddy brook—jest as sartin—"

[O misery! I must break right off—here comes Joe Bowers, all in a catastrophe, and I know what he is after—his wife.—I thought so—and no time to chat.—I am so sorry—but who—]

J. D.

Congress.

In Senate on Wednesday, Mr. SHERLEY introduced his bill of last session to put goods and merchandise exported from any of the ports North and East of the U. S. according to the provisions of law, on the same footing, in reference to drawbacks, with other exports to foreign ports.

Mr. Davis called up the resolutions of Mr. Calhoun, instructing the Committee on Manufactures to report a bill to reduce or repeal the duties, &c. He stated that he had no objection to its passage, since, in looking at the tenor of the resolution, he had become satisfied that its object was simply financial, and not so extensive in its scope, as he had at first viewed.

After some observations from Messrs. Clay and Calhoun as to the scope and object of the resolution, it was agreed to.

Mr. Ruggles introduced a resolution to appoint a Committee of three to examine the condition of the Patent Office, and the Laws connected with it.

Mr. Benton introduced a bill to provide for the increase of the Corps of Topographical Engineers—which was ordered to a second reading.

On motion of Mr. Southard, the bill to provide for the enlistment of boys for the naval service, was laid on the table, until he could mature amendments he proposed to offer.

The bill (introduced by Mr. Preston) concerning Writs of Error and Judgments arising under the Revenue Laws, was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

The bill supplementary to bill to amend the Judicial System was taken up, and, on motion of Mr. Leigh, made the special order for Monday next.

After a few minutes spent in Executive business, the Senate adjourned.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Beardsley, Mr. Cary, representative from Michigan, was admitted upon the floor during the sittings of the House.

Argus.

From the Boston Statesman.

STENOGRAPHIC GLIMPSES OF CONGRESS.
Washington, December 21, 1835.

The subject of Slavery again occupied the House to-day, and the discussion will be resumed to-morrow. There is no predicting when or where, or how it will end, unless the overwhelming majority against this fruitless and tedious discussion, should at once cease to exercise their magnanimous forbearance, and instantaneously put the subject to rest by the silent disapprobation of their vote.

England, (who first entitled slavery upon this country) with her inherent epistles, has ever been playing at this "servile" game to win the Union; while the Nullifiers of the South, and the "piebald opposition," only play for the Presidency. The North and the Meridian, at least, will not risk this mighty stake; they will never consent to gamble away their immortal inheritance, won with their fathers' blood, and preserved with that of their descendants.

One would have thought that the expression of public opinion in the Northern and Middle States against the abolitionists during the past year,—public sentiment against incendiary pamphlets, and public action against incendiaries, would have satisfied and propitiated the people of the slaveholding states;—else why did they copy those proceedings with approbation into their papers? But those who have another object, and yet pretend to be the representatives of the people, are not to be satisfied with any argument any more than the wolf in the fable, fawning for a mouthful of mutton. These wolves in sheep's clothing have not yet lambs to deal with.

This subject is only an entering wedge to divide the Administration party, and every artful opponent who is suffered to swing his tongue, making the breach wider and wider.

Almost all motions for the disposition of this subject have come from honorable gentlemen of the slaveholding states;—as they emanated from administration men, the opposition, of course, opposed them, or offered some amendment entirely changing their character, and rendering them unfit for any man's support.

A resolution from Mr. Owens of Georgia, to lay all motions now before the House on this subject, on the table, was carried by a vote of 140 to 76—64 majority; yet, lest the subject should be laid to rest, Mr. Wise offered an amendment which would inevitably permit it.

Mr. Adams made a very able speech on the subject, was listened to with breathless attention. He stated that when he first had a seat in the House, he presented a petition for abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia, and moved to have it committed to the Committee of that District, giving notice at the same time he should not support it. It had gone to the tomb of all the Capulets. He had not changed his opinion on the subject. He did not wish it discussed; but he would do nothing to impair the sacred right of petition; but if gentlemen were determined to discuss it, they might find speeches sent through the country as incendiary as any of the pamphlets of which they had complained;—for it might be difficult to restrain the discussion from going into the sublime merits of Slavery.

REIS EFFENDI.

Washington December 22d 1835.

The House resumed the discussion of Slave-

ry to-day, under the motion to reconsider their vote, laying the petitions, &c. on the table.—

It becomes daily more apparent, that there is more meant in this discussion than meets the eye, or ear. There can be no doubt, that with the opposition, it is only a new game played for the old stake, the Presidency. None but the opposition seemed disposed to disturb the peaceful waters; they fish with a net, and must agitate—agitate—agitate—to drive their frantic and deluded prey into it. If it be objected to them that they disturb the calm by which the vast majority—pursuing the same end, but by different, quiet, and constitutional means—live; their reply is, "However others may succeed best in a calm, we can only hope for success in turbulence and agitation."

I trust the vast majority in Congress against these agitators, nullifiers, and disorganizers, will at once settle the question about this political fishery; and put these disappointed Massilians, who aspire to rule the government through insurrections.

Mr. Granger opened the debate this morning by a speech calculated to add fuel to the flame. He said he merely wished to say a word against confounding the Abolitionists with the Petitioners—men who would as readily defend their country as the South; [these petitioners happen to be all women!] citizens looking to Congress, supposing it has a right to legislate for the District of Columbia, the seat of government. New York hoped to keep bright the chain of friendship with the South; but it

should be remembered that all parties in her Legislature, in 1829, passed a unanimous act not to legislate on the subject; and now the ladies, who were not like to endanger the union; for, like Macbeth, they only mundered "sleeping!" He was told this question should not be discussed, yet all so disposed enter into the debate. He was willing to support the proposition of the gentlemen from Maryland, (Mr. Thomas) and have the subject committed. Who had believed that the freedom of speech and the freedom of the press would have been first opposed by the constitution? &c. &c.

If I have done the gentleman, by this sketch any injustice, (which certainly I would not intentionally do, unless I wished to injure myself,) he must offset it against the injustice he has done to the people of his own State, and the North generally, by the speech itself. So far from meeting the "unanimous" approbation of all parties, like the legislative act of 1829, this speech, I trust, will hardly meet the approbation of a single one. It is not calculated to calm Southern feeling, but to arouse it. Is this wise at any time? Is it right at any time? Does it become a statesman? Does it become an American? Does it become a philanthropist? Does it become any one—but one, that shall be—nameless.

Mr. Ingalls, of Pa., made a very able speech, which met with a response, I believe, from every bosom, except such as wish to cherish this discussion, as a scorpion, to sting the peace of the country to its vitals. He prefaced his argument by saying that he intended to offer a resolution, when in order, "That holding slaves was a right, secured to the States by the constitution, as property, and political power; and that all means to deprive them of it, was impolitic, unconstitutional, and unjust."

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As for our side of the House, we scarcely know what to do, or what course to adopt.—Reduced to a miserable minority, and that minority divided between Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Judge White, and Wm. H. Garrison, we know not how to act; it is almost impossible to decide how we shall turn to avoid the evil and embrace the good. Was a minority ever in a more deplorable dilemma? Take us all together we are but a drop to the bucket, compared to the administration—we know not how or when to take the field, for it is by no means certain that our troops will rally on any point to which we may direct them.

On the very war question we are divided.—The leaders of the party, if indeed we have any such gentlemen among us, are of adverse opinions on that question—and if we were Mr. Clay denounce that part of the Message, which denounces the French affair—we to-morrow hear Mr. F. Granger of New York, asserting in his familiar intercourse with the world, the opinion, that General Jackson is right, and that the King of the French ought to be made to fulfil the Treaty. If we discuss the question of the Presidency, we are again divided. Massachussetts, is of course for Webster, and where is Pennsylvania? She will not follow Clay, or Garrison, or she will not follow the leaders—and if you say one word to Virginia about the business, you are told by Gov. Taylor, that Judge White is the only candidate that need be talked of;—and, even after all, he will tell you that the "old dominion" will, in all probability, go for Martin Van Buren.

Never was there an opposition to an administration, composed of materials so varied and so discordant as ours is; and what is to be done?

Can we be united, or cannot we be? If we cannot unite in any thing, why attempt to sustain

the party?

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denounces the French affair—we to-morrow

hear Mr. F. Granger of New York, asserting in

his familiar intercourse with the world, the

opinion, that General Jackson is right, and that

the King of the French ought to be made to

fulfil the Treaty. If we discuss the question of the

Presidency, we are again divided. Massachus-

setts, is of course for Webster, and where is

Pennsylvania? She will not follow Clay, or Gar-

rison, or she will not follow the leaders—and if

you say one word to Virginia about the business,

you are told by Gov. Taylor, that Judge White

is the only candidate that need be talked of;—

and, even after all, he will tell you that the "old

dominion" will, in all probability, go for Martin

Van Buren.

Wallace, whom we mentioned in our last as having

escaped from the jail in this place, has been taken

and brought back. He was found in Letter B. in this County,

directing his course towards New Hampshire, where his

friends reside.

On your part, gentlemen, I shall need and

look for candor, and timely co-operation; I entreat

you individually to supply my deficiencies,

and to lend me your support in maintaining the

rules and orders of the Senate, which are so

necessary to preserve harmony and dignity, and

ensure a speedy and correct transaction of pub-

lic business.

In our country, and its free institutions, our

fathers have left us a priceless inheritance; we are

called upon by the strongest motives that

can excite the human mind, to transmit, unin-

paired, that inheritance to posterity. Our State

occupies a high and commanding position; my

it never be our lot, by any unwise legislation,

to lower her rank, or impede her progress in

the career of wealth, honor, or happiness; but

attending to her interests, with unabated zeal,

and my yielding firmness, may we advance her

moral, her intellectual, and her physical pow-

er.

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